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Souvenir.

CITY OF WASHING

The Song of Denver.

BY . . . .

G. E. DAVIS,

FORT COLLINS, COLO.

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The Song of Denver.

By C. E. DAVIS.

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Her region was dark, and her scenery was wild,
But the rill to the river forever smiled,
And the song of the southland, in its own mountain strain,
Came down from the mountain to chant to the plain.

Like the favorite music of the soul,
Came down on the mountain strain
To a land where the wavering mirage
Told of a city on the plain.

Told of a city that soon must be,
That the mountaineer should look down and see
It spreading away o'er his own native plain,
Where the antelopes hoof should ne'er pierce it again.

But a star from the orient gleamed o'er the land
Like a glittering sword from a warrior's hand,
And swept o'er the brow of the hoary hills
Till the tears dropped down to the mossy rills.

And a voice like some loved one telling a dream,
Came down 'long the mountain rills,
With the wild steed's neigh a hieing away
To a river over the hills.

Like molten silver the wavering stream
Where the thirsty shall drink from its dazzling gleam,
Where the scream of the eagle shall be its refrain
Until Evener gleams high on the desolate plain.

And slowly down from the gulches of gold
Came that stream of a thousand rills,
Where the bison had led her young from thirst
Away to the rolling hills.

And the miner dreamed in the mineral hills
That he hoarded his golden gains,
And ere its gone my wealth shall build
A city on the plains.

I'll build a city so grand and tall
That its spires shall reach the sky,
And "Denver" shall gleam on its massive walls
And its name on earth shall never die.

When he woke from his dream that proud city was there
Looking 'way on the plains, with its flowers so fair,
Watching the tract where the bison had fled
Like a wistful eye back on the days that are dead.

Till the plowshare gleamed in the dazzling sun
And the works of God's children's industry begun,
And the red man gazed on the waving grain
As he bid farewell to his native plain.

The hills of my warriors are torn from us now,
The deer and the bison must flee from the plow,
The tears of my children shall fall on my grave
As they follow their fathers, the true and the brave.

But a star gleamed again o'er the fossil hills
That in periods of ocean its mystery fills,
Saying, the sea waves of ocean washed crime from its shore,
That the warrior shall lead in fierce combat no more.

But across the plains the mountaineer
By electricity 'll be whirl'd,
And the man in the flying ship will look down
On the fairest city in the world.

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